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An Interesting Start

by [TheMercykiller](#)

Summary

Angela and Fareeha have the hots for each other, and Fareeha's just too damn irresistible.

Angela Ziegler, the recently appointed Head of Medical Staff and Research at the new Overwatch headquarters, was well aware of how rude it was. Especially given the situation. Even so, she couldn't hold back the laughter that came to her quite suddenly. It was not the type of laughter a normal person usually partook in. Angela wasn't really laughing *at* anything, per say. There was no joke, no punchline, no real reason to burst into a fit of giggles as she did. It was sudden, it was out of place, it was awkward...but she had no ill intent. Fareeha had just huffed and puffed her way into the office, so of course it seemed as if Angela was laughing at the eager, helpful alpha which truly wasn't the case.

It was an incredulous laugh. One of those laughs you break out in when you realize how ridiculous what you're saying or thinking is. A "What in God's name is wrong with me," kind of laugh that comes with all kinds of other self-deprecating and nasty thoughts. Angela had been watching Fareeha closely. More accurately, watching the movements of her body. The ripple of muscle in Fareeha's strong, muscled arms when she lifted, the vein in her neck that bulged a little with strain. The sweat coating her skin, which looked and smelled oddly alluring-And suddenly a thought had erupted in her head. 'I wonder if Fareeha has a mate.'

And then, suddenly the doctor was laughing. That awkward, awful type of laughter. Angela stifled it quickly, of course, smiling apologetically when her companion gave her a confused, questioning look. Fareeha Amari, holding a very large box stuffed to the brim with medical equipment, was one of the most generous alphas Angela had ever had the pleasure of knowing.

No other alpha would do a favor for an omega like this, without strings being attached. A date was usually part of the deal. At least with Genji that was the case. So the thought of 'I wonder if Fareeha had a mate' had been followed closely by a 'I hope she doesn't.'

And that was why she had laughed. The pure, utter ridiculousness of such a thought.

With a heavy sigh, Pharah set the last box down on Angela's desk. It landed with a solid thud. The soldier wiped at the sweat on her brow with the back of her hand, her chest heaving a little. "You have a lot of stuff, Doctor Ziegler. A lot of heavy stuff." Fareeha said in a good natured way, then she grinned, "And I'm very glad that watching me carry it was a source of amusement for you." She sunk down in Angela's desk chair, slumping with her legs spread and her eyes closed for a moment.

It should be a crime looking that attractive.

The alpha had her legs spread, probably farther than she thought she did. Her long, muscled legs were hidden by jeans that somehow accentuated their lean shape. Her medium length, dark brown hair fell to her shoulders, some of it falling across her sweat slick forehead and sticking to it. On anyone else but Pharah, the sight might've been unappealing. Between her legs, hidden by the thick jeans, was a subtle but visible bulge. Her cock. Angela's mouth watered as she gazed at it, practically in full view. She felt like a predator staring at it, so she quickly turned her gaze away and plastered a smile on her face. Even so, her pale face was bright red. The omega crossed her arms and cleared her throat.

It took all of her strength not to comment aloud about how hot Fareeha looked right then and there. "Honesty, I didn't mean to laugh. I can't explain it! I'm sorry! I just remembered something funny."

"Looking at me reminded you of something funny," Pharah asked, still smiling.

Angela shook her head, laughing despite herself. She bowed her head. "Onto more important things! Thank you for so much for your help, Fareeha. The move has been very rough but you made it much easier for me." Her words obviously meant a lot. The alphas shoulders straightened, and she got the slack, arrogant look that every alpha got when they were complimented. Pharah picked something nonexistent off her leather jacket.

"Anything to lighten your burden, doctor. I couldn't just leave you on your own in the heat, carrying all of that. I'm sure you'd have done the same thing" Proudly, and so damn adorably, Fareeha beamed. Her teeth were white, clean, and straight. She had a charismatic smile. And Angela knew at that moment, that without a doubt that charming smile had won Fareeha many girls hearts in the past. Her lips too, they were deliciously kissable. Was everything about this alpha perfect?

"I would have," Angela admitted, "probably."

Fareeha sat up in the chair. "If you need anything, doctor. I'm the alpha to look for. Heavy lifting, cooking, someone to watch a movie with if you're lonely..." Angela began to laugh again and Fareeha frowned. "I'm being serious. If you need anything, please come to me."

The seriousness of her tone made Angela's heart pound. Fareeha was unexpectedly kind. They hadn't known each other very well when they were younger, but what Fareeha did remember is that the girl had been a huge brat. Rambunctious and out of control, pretending to be a soldier and not taking crap from anyone. It was hard to believe that child had become the alpha that sat before her. Tall, firm, gentle. Her voice was steady and calming... God, this situation really was ridiculous wasn't it? All Angela could think about since they'd met again was how hot Fareeha

had become. Her ideal mate if she was going to be completely honest. Steady, thoughtful, reliable. But then again, these were all just presumptions based off a first impression. For all she knew, Fareeha was like every other alpha out there. Trying to get into her pants and then abandon her when they realized a relationship with her was not an easy right. She had expectations from her lovers, and she had responsibilities that she had to tend to. And that was assuming that Fareeha even *did* want her. There was a high possibility that she didn't.

The thought was sobering.

Angela's face burned and she glanced awkwardly around her office, trying to distract herself from her thoughts. Hurriedly, she set one of her many potted plants down on the window sill of her office's single window. It did little to bring her mind, or gaze, away from the incredibly hot alpha, sitting so close and smelling so god damn good. Surely Fareeha was aware of how she was projecting right now? How intoxicating her pheromones were, all her sweat was and her firm words...? Somewhere down the line, Angela's breath had grown shallow. When Angela met her eyes again, the alpha's expression was very serious. Her dark eyes had darkened further, concern clear in her steady gaze. Her body was a little stiff.

Angela felt strange beneath her gaze. Her knees felt weak, her face unbearably hot. Pharah's dark gaze swept her up and down, and Angela felt naked beneath her eyes. And suddenly, she wished she *was* naked. Wished she could show Pharah something she would no doubt enjoy. And just like that, she was more aroused than she ever had been before. The thought of displaying herself to Fareeha, giving herself to her...it was intoxicating. Or perhaps more aroused. There was a wet rush between her legs. It took a lot of willpower not to rub her burning thighs together in an attempt to ease the heat. It felt like hours passed before Pharah expressed what was on her mind.

"Are you alright, Doctor? Your face is bright red, and you seem light headed. Obviously I'm no doctor, though," Fareeha asked gently. Surely, she had to be joking? Surely, she knew exactly what was happening to Angela's body? Apparently she didn't. Or perhaps she was giving Angela an opportunity to get away, or get some time to herself. Neither of which she wanted. Even a little.

"...Yes," Angela replied after a long moment, her words tight with strain. She was in a state of conflict. She set another plant down next to the first, with a little more force than necessary. "I just..." She tried to busy herself, opening the shades of her window. "The new Headquarters. It's quite nice..."

When she began to walk over to her computer, Pharah's fingers wrapped around her wrist.

The woman's gaze was dark, and quite serious. "Please, Angela. You feel...off. Smell off. Something's wrong." Her lips. The way they were moving. It fascinated Angela. No doubt, they would feel amazing. Soft against her lips and throat, and... Angela bit her bottom lip, and she lightly pulled her hand away.

"Fareeha. You're very sweet, but you don't even know me. I assure you, I'm acting quite normal."

"Then...Maybe we should talk more, spend more time together, then I could determine that for myself."

Angela cleared her throat, and looked away. She didn't know what to say. She wanted to yell "yes!" but at the same time, she wanted to hop into Fareeha's lap then and there, and suggest they skip a few steps.

Fareeha, clearly embarrassed by her own forwardness, stood up. "I apologize, Doctor. I completely misread the situation..." Fareeha's entire face was red. "I thought maybe you were

interested in me. Evidently I was wrong.” Apparently very embarrassed, the alpha began to flee. She swept past Angela quickly, and the omega threw herself against the alpha before she could even make it a foot away. She buried her face in Pharah’s throat and whimpered. She acted, sounded, as if she was in heat. The reaction was immediate. Pharah locked up and a deep growl rose in her throat. A possessive one. Her arms wrapped around her, and drew her closer.

Apparently, it had taken a lot out of her holding herself back.

Angela inhaled, shuddering. “Don’t go! Just...just wait! I...I want to get to know you it’s just... you smell so good,” Angela blurted, and gazed into Fareeha’s eyes.

For a while, the alpha just.... stood there, in her tight jeans and her leather jacket, looking absolutely fuckable. Her mouth was slightly open as if she was still taking in the words. Fareeha cleared her throat. Her dark gaze took in Angela’s humiliated expression. “For now...when was it that you wanted to spend more time together?” That was the point in which Angela lost it. In which Angela knew she wasn’t stepping foot out of this office because Pharah was going to fuck Mercy into the ground until she couldn’t walk anymore. At least, that’s what she hoped for. Because again, Pharah was giving her the opportunity to get out of this. To avoid an unnecessary and uncomfortable fling. To save her from humiliation and regret.

It was a well-known fact that omegas were weak to their urges. They were easily manipulated, easily trapped in terrible situations with usually terrifying alphas...but that’s not what this was. Fareeha was making that very clear. Mercy could stop this now. Or she could choose a date first, and then this. She could do what she wanted. Fareeha was putting the power in her hands. Something no other alpha would do. And she did it all with an erection. The slight, subtle bulge of her cock in her jeans had become not so slight and subtle anymore. It was a stiff tent now, and Angela’s mouth grew moist. “Maybe tonight...”

Angela closed her eyes. She took the entire situation in, and did her best to think about it in a calm and rational manner. They wanted to rut. And they wanted to get to know each other some more. But why did the order matter when they were standing at such a close proximity, both painfully aroused!? It was clear that neither of them had had sex for a while. And it was clear that they both had no interest in just doing that. They also wanted more. So why hold themselves back? And god, Fareeha was holding herself back. That was why Angela knew she was serious about “learning more about her.” Because any other alpha would have taken advantage of her arousal, and acted on it already. Yet here Pharah was, with her obviously painful erection, talking about going on a date.

She pulled herself from Pharah’s arms, and with a seductive swing of her hips so that the alpha knew she wasn’t being rejected, Angela began to walk away, the smell of Fareeha intoxicating in her nose. The alpha’s voice trailed off. She turned around until she was facing the soldier. Fareeha’s eyebrows furrowed as Angela let down her streams of long, golden hair from its ponytail. It piled onto her shoulders. Fareeha’s knuckles were visibly lighter than the rest of her dark skin. “Are you opposed, Fareeha?” Pharah had the right to say no too.

The soldier didn’t say a word. She just shook her head.

“I need to hear it out loud.”

“I want to see more,” Fareeha responded, her voice pained. She gestured between her legs. “Not just see, as you probably already guessed.” Mercy couldn’t hold back her giggle, or her sigh of relief. She had been very worried that Fareeha would be opposed to this. Upon getting confirmation, she reached behind herself and locked the door. “One more time, just to make sure, you really want- “

Fareeha held up a hand. “Angela. I know what I want. I find it odd that an omega, who is generally more susceptible to their bodies urges, is worried about an alpha. I assure you, Angela. If I didn’t want this, you would know.” Her dark eyes narrowed. “And I do want this. I’m not a child and neither are you. Now, stop questioning this.”

Angela trembled a little. Fareeha’s words had been mixed with the subtle firmness of an alpha. She may have been a gentle person, and have a very soft voice...but it was clear that she was an alpha like any other. A dom, and a proud one, probably. Fareeha’s eyes narrowed further. Clearly she had noticed the shiver her more domineering tone had caused.

A slight smile twitched at the corner of her lips. “That makes this much easier... I’d like to see the rest of your body, Angela.” The omega nearly came from the words alone.” It was a suggestion, a question...and a command, if she wanted it to be. And god, she wanted it to be. Angela smiled. This really did make things easier.

“You want to see the rest of me,” she asked in a teasing voice.

Fareeha’s lips twitched, and her eyes darkened until they were almost black with lust. They both knew what was coming. “Yes.”

“Do it yourself.”

Pharah moved quickly. Quicker than expected. Angela let out a gasp. The alpha’s touch was firm and hard, but gentle. Her long, calloused fingers wrapped around each of Angela’s wrists, pinning them against the door. Her chest was soft against Mercy’s, and her erection throbbed like a heartbeat against her thigh. Her scent enveloped the omega like a blanket. Her breath quickened and beneath her turtleneck and bra, her nipples grew taut. She moaned hungrily, basking in this feeling. A strong, hard alpha on top of her. Pharah’s eyes were dark as she gazed back at the doctor. Then, her fingers slipped into Angela’s light locks. She bunched the strands up in her hand, pulling until Angela whimpered and showed her throat.

Apparently that was the right move. Pharah’s fingers buried themselves into the material of her turtleneck and before the omega could make a word of protest there was a loud *rip*. Angela’s mouth fell open. “Fareeha Amari you- “

Pharah tsked, and covered her mouth. “A turtleneck? In the summer?”

She had a point.

That was the end of words between them. The alpha lifted her up by the waist, and Angela wrapped her legs around the other woman’s waist. Her erection pressed between Angela’s legs now, insistent and hot. She wanted Fareeha to take off her jeans and sink her down on it, slowly. To fill her up and claim her. But apparently, the alpha had other plans. Fareeha’s lips eagerly explored her throat. Sucking and licking, kissing sometimes. She pulled the cups of Angela’s bra down when she reached the top of her breast, revealing full and creamy breasts. She kissed and sucked them too. Only when Fareeha’s lips wrapped around one tight, hard nipple did Angela squeal and buck against Pharah’s crotch.

Arousal rushed through her. She desperately wanted to be fucked. Her cock was right there! Buried, hidden behind all that denim! And Fareeha was licking, sucking at her nipples. She wanted both. She wanted to be spread and taken while those lips suckled so gently.

The ministrations continued. Fareeha was gentle, teasing. Painfully slow. Angela squirmed against the door as those wonderful lips spread, taking in the whole nipple. Then, Fareeha sucked, hard. She jerked again, gasping.

“Fareeha, please...I need it....”

Fareeha’s eyes met hers. “Then come get it,” she smirked, and latched onto her other breast. Angela groaned in protest, but also pleasure. Her eyes squeezed shut and for a second she just enjoyed the feeling...Then, unable to take it any longer, her hand snaked out. It was shocking to her that Fareeha managed to keep her held up throughout all of this. She undid the metal button, and Pharah groaned audibly. Apparently just being released from the tight prison of her jeans even a little felt amazing. The response made Mercy dizzy. The omega smirked devilishly, wrapping one arm around Pharah’s head, enjoying the ministrations on her chest. With her free hand she began to gently probe at Fareeha’s cock. Making a game of it. Playing with her through her jeans. She pressed the tip of her finger against the line of her zipper.

The Amari alpha’s cock was burning hot, even through her jeans. Apparently she was also very large....and even larger, was the hard knot that was beginning to form at the base of said cock.

“Fareeha...”

The alpha nodded. Apparently, she agreed that it was time. She let Angela go, and she gazed back at her with a reassuring smile. Fareeha was glistening with sweat. Her eyes were nearly black with arousal, and her entire body was taut and tense. She had no doubt that if an alpha, or even a beta, took one step through that door, they would probably not leave in the same condition they entered. Fareeha’s fingers ran through her sweat-slick, golden locks. The alpha crushed their mouths together with little warning.

Angela nearly came. For as long as she remembered, her biggest turn on...despite it being rather vanilla...was kissing. Specifically, kissing like this. It was an intimate act, and Fareeha was claiming her mouth. And Angela was giving it to her, along with the rest of her body. Their tongues met gently, but firmly. While they were kissing, Pharah moved them towards- Angela’s excitement sparked, as she realized they were moving closer to her desk. The kiss ended. And Pharah, clearly pained from restraining herself, smiled weakly.

“Last chance to back out...”

Angela shook her head, weak. Her mouth was wet, and bruised from their rough kissing. She was standing there with her favorite turtle neck completely ruined, breasts slick with saliva, more wet than she’d ever been in her life, and Fareeha dared to even suggest that they stop? “I want it...”

“A...and my knot,” Fareeha panted, fingers tightening on Angela’s arms.

“No. Not today.”

Fareeha snarled, and her body shook. But she nodded, slowly. “I...I understand.”

“Next time...” Angela pressed their lips together in an assuring manner. Apparently, it worked because the tension left Fareeha’s body like air leaves a deflated balloon. The alpha slid an arm around her waist, and she squeaked as she was swiftly crushed against the top of her desk.

“Fuck, you’re so gorgeous,” Fareeha whispered, pressing hot and eager kisses against Angela’s neck. The alpha started from the top, and began to kiss her way down, slowly. When she reached the middle of her back, Angela squeaked.

“Fareeha, please...no more foreplay...I need it.”

The alpha said nothing, just growled lightly. But she obeyed. Angela gasped as Fareeha pushed her pants down her legs, swiftly and assuredly. She’d clearly done this before. She was suddenly

concerned... Pharah's crotch pressed against the roundness of her ass, and she whimpered when her erection firmly pushed into her arousal. Fareeha took a moment to take her jeans off, tossing them across the office. Angela's panties followed. There was a moment of swollen silence. This was not a particularly.... intimate, position. In fact, it was the opposite. It was a completely dominating, unemotional position to be in. She couldn't even see Fareeha's face. But for some reason, she found that all the more intoxicating for their first time. Neither of them would be forgetting this soon.

Angela gasped when Fareeha lightly swatted her bottom, before grasping her cock and-

Mercy had to bite her lip to hold back her shout. The reality of what they were doing hit her like a truck, and she had to force herself not to burst into a laughter. She couldn't imagine that it'd be very good for the alphas ego. She was getting fucked in the brand new office Winston had given her, the day she had reunited with Fareeha after many, many years. And more than that, they were going on a date *after* they screwed. Somehow, the entire situation was hilarious to her. And a situation she would never forget.

All thoughts left her as the broad head of Pharah's length pressed into her. She muffled her cries by biting into her palm, quivering and shaking her hips. She wanted more. But once again, her alpha (shit, when did Fareeha become *her* alpha!?) decided she was moving at her own pace. And apparently, she was going to break her own pace very quickly. Fareeha's hands tightened on her hips as she began to push inside.

Angela whimpered, and wetness dripped against her thighs. Fareeha was large, both in girth and in length. That much was clear as she felt the broad head push deeper, and deeper. She didn't know she was capable of spreading so much...The spread burned wonderfully... As each inch sunk in, she dug her teeth deeper into her palm, trying desperately not to scream. It'd been so damned long...she wasn't going to lie. It hurt a little, but Fareeha- still amazingly gentle, let her grow accustomed to her size. And before she began to thrust, she began to tease her clit with an eager hand. Only when she felt the fat weight of Fareeha's knot against her entrance did she realize how full she was. And how badly she wanted a knot...but that was for another time.

"Now, fuck," Angela gasped inaudibly through her teeth, against her palm. Completely incoherent.

But apparently, Fareeha got the message. Her fingers tightened around Angela's waist, and she began to thrust eagerly. Their skin slapped together with every thrust, the hot heat of the knot a promise of more pleasure to come one day... "Fuck," Angela gasped, opening her mouth and slamming her palm down on the desk. She began to push herself back. "Harder. Stop being gentle, Fareeha."

Pharah was silent for a moment, before she obeyed. Her hand wrapped around the back of Angela's neck, and her chest was crushed to the top of the desk. The pace became relentless. Angela's eyes rolled. She focused on the sensations she was feeling. She was getting fucked, brutally. Each thrust the alpha sunk herself in to the top of her knot, before fully unsheathing herself and doing it again. Bolts of pleasure were shooting through her belly, her nipples taut and sensitive against the top of her desk. Pharah throbbed inside her, indicating that she was close to coming. Angela was, as well.

"Can I bite..." Pharah whimpered, hungry for it. Desperate for it. Angela was desperate for it too. And she was desperate for her knot. Had she not just finished her heat a week ago, she had no doubt that she'd have been unable to stop herself from impaling herself on the alpha's cock. Mercy wanted to give it to her, and receive it but honestly it felt like a promise. And she didn't want to make any promises yet.... No knot, no bite...but, "Next time," she whispered. Because if there was a next time, which she was sure there would be, they'd be mating for good. Fareeha's

nails dug into her back, raking down. “Fuck,” the alpha panted, groaning deeply. “I need to come... I’m going to come...”

“Pull out...”

With a desperate, hungry wail, Pharah came. But she did pull out first. Depressingly, her release splattered across the top of her ass. Most alphas would have left it at that. Their own release had happened, end of story. Instead, Pharah’s fingers replaced her cock. Her thumb crushed Angela’s clit, rubbing it gently.

And that was all she needed. Most couldn’t even manage that.

Angela shuddered brokenly as she came in complete silence. Unable to say anything, really. Her mouth fell open, and saliva dripped from her lips onto her chin. Even so, Pharah didn’t stop massaging her clit...ministrations gentle but firm, until she was shaking and begging to stop...the alpha’s cum spreading across her skin, warm and something of a comfort.

Fareeha’s entire weight was spread across her back. The alpha panted, and Angela knew she was grinning ear to ear. “Good?”

“Amazing,” Angela confessed, “Especially considering there was not really any biting, scratching, or knotting...”

Fareeha chuckled, and her forehead rested against Angela’s back. “I didn’t want to be too rough with you...”

The omega shifted, until they were facing each other. Almost fully clothed, Fareeha looked incredibly vulnerable. “I’ve uh...I’ve never had sex without discussing a lot of stuff beforehand. And you know...going on a date. Or two. Or three. Usually three.” They both laughed and shook their heads.

“Same here,” Angela confessed, before pressing a kiss against the alphas mouth. “But I don’t regret a thing. Since the same old, same old hasn’t worked out for me in the past...” Fareeha kissed her, firmly.

“I know it’s a little out of order but, I would be honored to take you out on a date, Miss Ziegler.”

Angela couldn’t help it. She was standing there, after being fucked hard, cum on her ass, tits out. Both their undergarments were somewhere in the room. The left cheek of butt was still red after the firm slap! And here Fareeha was, asking her to dinner. No, she couldn’t help it at all. She burst into laughter. The good kind. Not the awkward kind. The kind you share with another; the kind you remember. And Fareeha, she laughed too.

“It would be an honor, Miss Amari,” she giggled, winking. “Though I expect you to get me a new shirt beforehand. Specifically, a turtleneck.”

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